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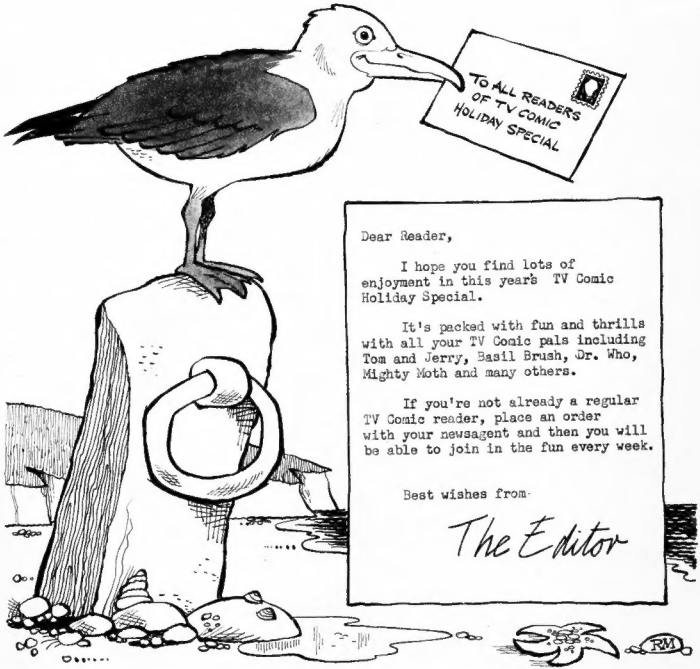
TV COMIC

holiday special

TV COMIC HOLIDAY SPECIAL

A Letter from the Editor


TO ALL READERS OF TV COMIC HOLIDAY SPECIAL
Dear Reader,
I hope you find lots of enjoyment in this year's TV Comic Holiday Special.
It's packed with fun and thrills with all your TV Comic pals including Tom and Jerry, Basil Brush, Dr. Who, Mighty Moth and many others.
If you're not already a regular TV Comic reader, place an order with your newsagent and then you will be able to join in the fun every week.
Best wishes from
The Editor
RM

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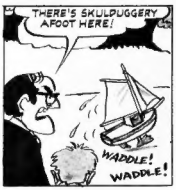
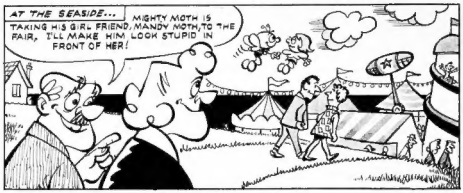
TICH and QUACKERS



© Ray Alan Enterprises 1970 based on the BBC tv series Tich and Quackers

MIGHTY MOTH


AT THE SEASIDE...
MIGHTY MOTH IS TAKING HIS G.R.L. FRIEND, MANDY MOTH, TO THE FAIR, TILL MAKE HIM LOOK STUPID IN FRONT OF HER!

LET'S TAKE A RIDE IN THE TUNNEL OF LOVE, MANDY!
OH, MIGHTY, YOU ARE CHEEKY!
TUNNEL OF LOVE

CLIMB IN THIS MATCHBOX - WE'LL FLOAT THROUGH IN THIS!

LATER...
OUT OF OUR WAY, YOU PESTS!
SPLASH!

HAR! HAR! HAR!
WE'LL GET EVEN WITH THEM, MANDY! FOLLOW ME!

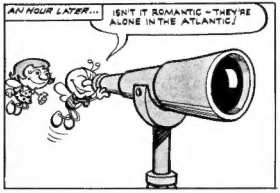
WE'RE AHEAD OF THEM NOW! I'LL RIP A HOLE IN THE TUNNEL HERE!
?
RIP!

DIVERT THE WATER THROUGH HERE AND...

ISN'T IT ROMANTIC? YOU AND I IN THE TUNNEL OF LOVE!

YAH! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

HELP! WE'RE GOING INTO THE SEA!


AN HOUR LATER...
ISN'T IT ROMANTIC - THEY'RE ALONE IN THE ATLANTIC!

TEN MILES OUT AT SEA...
IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT JUST WAIT TILL I GET YOU HOME!
WE'LL BE LUCKY IF WE EVER SEE HOME AGAIN!

TOM and JERRY
I'M OFF ON MY HOLIDAYS... I'VE BOOKED A NICE LITTLE ROOM WITH A VIEW OF THE SEA!
LOOK WHO'S IN THE BAG, READERS!
YEYIKE! I'VE LOST HALF OF MY BELONGINGS!
HEH! HEH! WHILE TOM GATHERS UP HIS GEAR... I'LL CATCH HIS TRAIN!
BYE, BYE, TOM! HOPE I ENJOY YOUR HOLIDAY! TE!HE! HE!
A LITTLE LATER...
PANT! WHEEZE! BAH! GREW!
AT THE HOTEL...
HI. THERE, MY ROOM IS BOOKED UNDER THE NAME OF TOM CAT!
YOU'RE THE FUNNIEST CAT I'VE EVER SEEN!
JERRY IS SHOWN UP TO HIS ROOM...
OH BOY! A MOUSE HOLE WITH A VIEW OF THE SEA... WHO COULDASK FOR MORE?
A LITTLE LATER...
CLEAR OFF! THE ROOM YOU CLAIM AS YOURS HAS ALREADY BEEN TAKEN!
POOR OLD TOM!
THAT NIGHT...
FUME!
HOPE THE SEASIDE ACCOMMODATION'S TO YOUR LIKING TOM... SLEEP WELL. TE!HE! HE!

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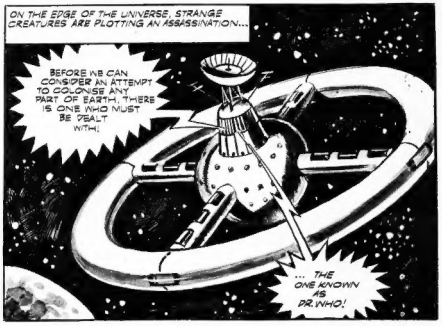
DOCTOR
WHO


ON THE EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE, STRANGE CREATURES ARE PLOTTING AN ASSASSINATION...
BEFORE WE CAN CONSIDER AN ATTEMPT TO COLONISE ANY PART OF EARTH, THERE IS ONE WHO MUST BE DEALT WITH!
... THE ONE KNOWN AS DR.WHO!

ONE FOGGY EVENING...
... A SMALL CRAFT LANDS AMONG BUSHES IN A LONDON PARK...

...A PARK DR.WHO STROLLS THROUGH EVERY EVENING...
PITY ABOUT THE FOG... STILL A BRISK WALK NEVER HURT ANYONE!

IN A NEARBY THICKET...
...SOMETHING STIRS!

BY THE POWERS!

ASSISTANCE! POLICE!... ANYBODY!

AH!

© BBC TV 1970

THANK GOODNESS- CAN JUST REACH MY CANE CONTROL!
FLICK!
U-R!
COLD STEEL WILL DISCOURAGE IT!
... NOW TO SWIVEL THE CANE CONTROL TO POSITION TWO!
MY LASER BEAM MAY NOT BE POWERFUL ENOUGH TO DESTROY IT... BUT I'VE NO OTHER HOPE!
ZZZBB!
FATE SMILES ON THE DOCTOR...
IT'S DONE FOR... THE DISINTEGRATION PROCESS HAS BEGUN!
GONE WITHOUT TRACE... THERE'S NO EVIDENCE THE THING EVER EXISTED!
THERE GOES ANY CHANCE I MIGHT'VE HAD OF CONVINCING U.N.I.T. A CREATURE FROM OUTER SPACE ATTACKED ME!
IT IS DANGEROUS TO WALK THROUGH THE PARK AT NIGHT UNACCOMPANIED.
A TRUSTY CANE IS THE FINEST COMPANY A FELLOW COULD WISH FOR!

Larry Harmon's

LAUREL & HARDY

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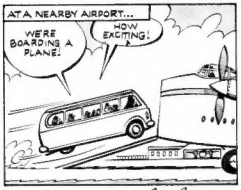
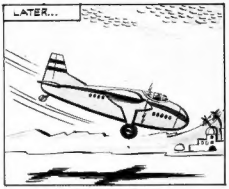
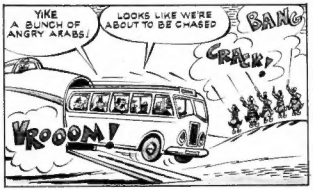
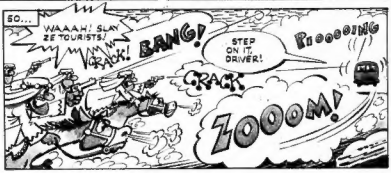
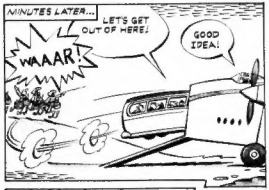




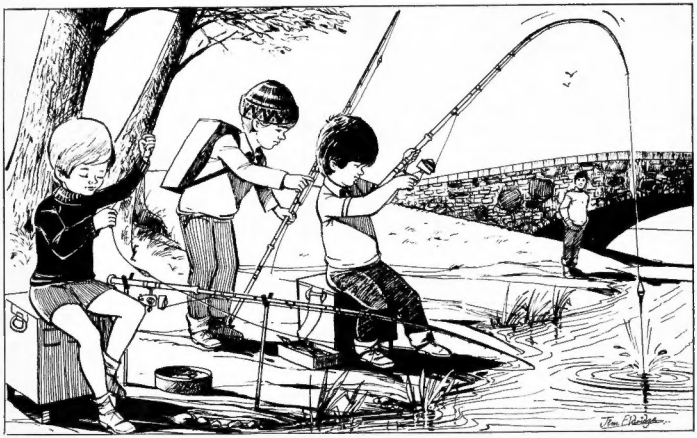






Spot the difference!

The second picture is different from the first in 10 ways
Can you spot them?



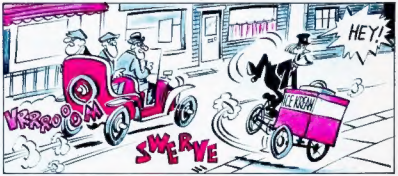
ANSWERS

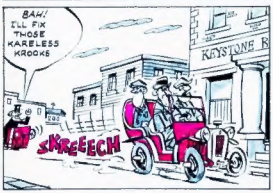
1. Bird missing. 2. Man on bridge missing. 3. Tree missing. 4. Bait tin missing. 5. Rod rest missing. 6. Stripes on boy's shirt missing. 7. Boy missing. 8. Fishing reel missing. 9. Strap on tackle box missing. 10. Bobble on boy's hat missing.

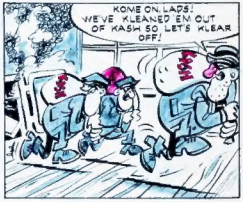
Bob Monkhouse's MAD MOVIES

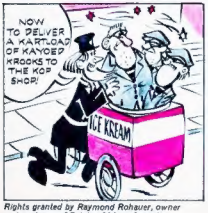
featuring the KEYSTONE KOPS

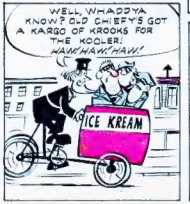
TWO-WEEKS HOLIDAY AWAY FROM KROOK-KATCHING. OH, BOY!
KOP SHOP
I'M TAKING A JOB AS AN ICE KREAM SALESMAN!
TUCK SH
ICE KREAM
IT'LL BE GREAT JUST CYCLING AROUND IN THE SUN EARNING A FEW EXTRA BOB!

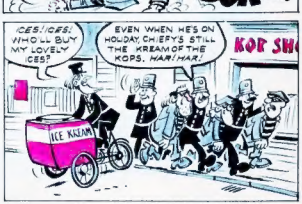












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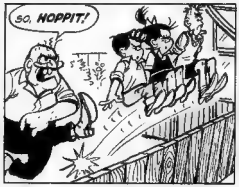
TV TERRORS

LOOK, THERE'S OLD HOPPIT WORKING IN HIS GARDEN!

COO, THOSE ARE NICE BIG CABBAGES, MR. HOPPIT!

YOU KEEP AYWAY FROM THEM! I WANT 'EM TO WIN A PRIZE IN THE TV GARDENING COMPETITION NEXT WEEK.


SO, HOPPIT!

I KNOW HOW WE'LL GET ON TV AND GET EVEN WITH HOPPIT— WE'LL BEAT HIM IN THE CABBAGE COMPETITION!
GOOD IDEA!

THAT'S OUR CABBAGE PLANTS IN!
AND I KNOW WHERE TO GET SOME SPECIAL FERTILIZER TO MAKE THEM GROW FAST!
SO THAT'S THEIR GAME!

LATER... WITH THIS STUFF, WE'LL SOON HAVE CABBAGES AS BIG AS UMBRELLAS!

I'LL BE HAVING THAT, M'LAD! IT'S TOO GOOD FOR THOSE MISERABLE PLANTS OF YOURS!

SO A WEEK LATER...
JUST LOOK AT 'EM. I'LL TAKE 'EM ROUND TO THE TV STUDIO THIS AFTERNOON!

MEANWHILE... IT'S NOT WORTH ENTERING OUR CABBAGES, SO WE WON'T GET ON TV AFTER ALL!
OH, NO? FOLLOW ME!

LATER... AND NOW WE HAVE MR. HOPPIT WITH THREE LOVELY CABBAGES!

BEFORE I GIVE YOU THE PRIZE, I'LL MAKE SURE THERE'S NO CATERPILLARS IN THEM!
THERE ARE NO PESTS IN MY CABBAGES, I SPRAYED 'EM EVERY DAY!

OH, NO?
THE TERRORS!

RUIN MY PROGRAMME WOULD YOU—HOPPIT!

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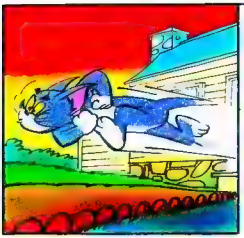
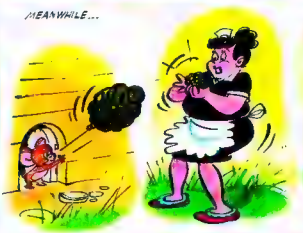
A - "LE LATER....
I --- TRY AGAIN... ONLY THIS TIME I -- TAKE A FEW PRECAU-- TIONS.



TO THE HILLS AND FAST, CABBY!
TAXI
58

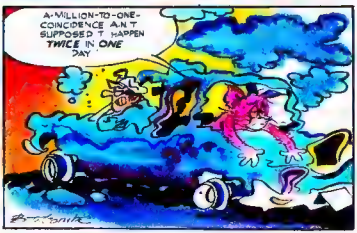
ZOOM


MEANWHILE...

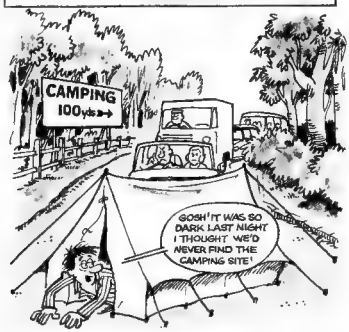
FIZZLE!

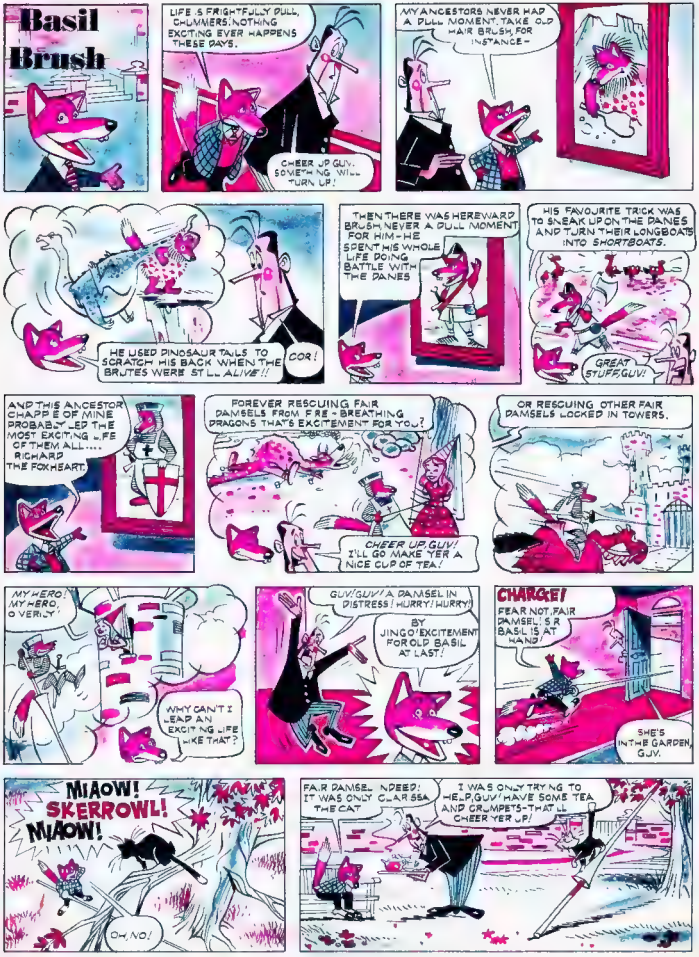
TAXI
58

BLAST!


A MILLION-TO-ONE COINCIDENCE AIN'T SUPPOSED T' HAPPEN TWICE IN ONE DAY!

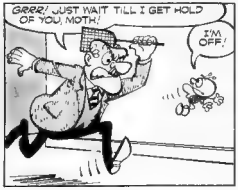
PICK of the JOKES




Basil Brush
LIFE'S FRIGHTFULLY DULL, CHUMMERS. NOTHING EXCITING EVER HAPPENS THESE DAYS.
CHEER UP GUV. SOMETHING WILL TURN UP!
MY ANCESTORS NEVER HAD A DULL MOMENT. TAKE OLD HAIR BRUSH, FOR INSTANCE—
HE USED DINOSAUR TAILS TO SCRATCH HIS BACK WHEN THE BRUTES WERE STILL ALIVE!!
COR!
THEN THERE WAS HEREWARD BRUSH. NEVER A DULL MOMENT FOR HIM—HE SPENT HIS WHOLE LIFE DOING BATTLE WITH THE DANES
HIS FAVOURITE TRICK WAS TO SNEAK UP ON THE DANES AND TURN THEIR LONGBOATS INTO SHORTBOATS.
GREAT STUFF, GUV!
AND THIS ANCESTOR CHAPPIE OF MINE PROBABLY LED THE MOST EXCITING LIFE OF THEM ALL.... RICHARD THE FOXHEART.
FOREVER RESCUING FAIR DAMSELS FROM FIRE-BREATHING DRAGONS THAT'S EXCITEMENT FOR YOU?
CHEER UP GUV! I'LL GO MAKE YER A NICE CUP OF TEA!
OR RESCUING OTHER FAIR DAMSELS LOCKED IN TOWERS.
MY HERO! MY HERO, O VERILY!
WHY CAN'T I LEAD AN EXCITING LIFE LIKE THAT?
GUV! GUV! A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS! HURRY! HURRY!
BY JINGO! EXCITEMENT FOR OLD BASIL AT LAST!
CHARGE!
FEAR NOT, FAIR DAMSEL! SIR BASIL IS AT HAND!
SHE'S IN THE GARDEN, GUV.
MIAOW! SKERROWL! MIAOW!
OH NO!
FAIR DAMSEL— NEED? IT WAS ONLY CLARISSA THE CAT
I WAS ONLY TRYING TO HELP, GUV! HAVE SOME TEA AND CRUMPETS—THAT'LL CHEER YER UP!

MIGHTY MOTH

I'VE SPENT SO MUCH MONEY REPLACING THE SUITS THAT MIGHTY MOTH'S EATEN I CAN'T AFFORD TO BUY FOOD!

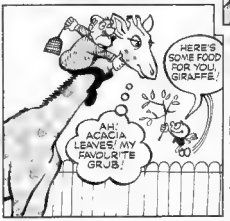

GRRR! JUST WAIT TILL I GET HOLD OF YOU, MOTH!
I'M OFF!

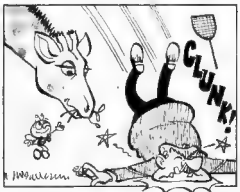
GOSH! OLD DAD'S RUNNING WELL TODAY!

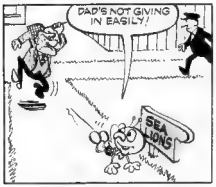
I'LL SEE IF I CAN SHAKE HIM OFF IN THE ZOO!
ZOO

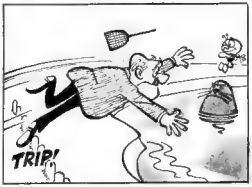
CRUMBS, HE'S GAINING ON ME – I'LL HAVE TO FLY HIGH!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY FROM ME THAT EASILY!
?


HERE'S SOME FOOD FOR YOU, GIRAFFE!
AH! ACACIA LEAVES! MY FAVOURITE GRUB!


CLUNK!


DAD'S NOT GIVING IN EASILY!
SEA LIONS

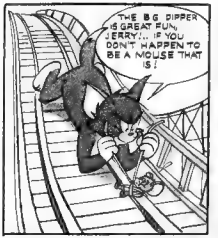

TRIP!

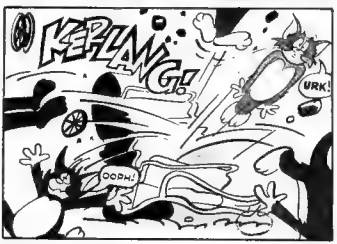
SPLOSH!

HELP! HELP!
THAT SEA LION IS MAKING A LOT OF NOISE. I'D BETTER GIVE HIM A FISH!

OH, WELL, AT LEAST DAD'S HAD A NICE MEAL. HA! HA! HA!
ARGH!

TOM and JERRY





THE CATS HAVE DISCOVERED A NEW AMUSEMENT AT THE FAIRGROUND ...IT'S CALLED THE TOM-PUNCH-BAG!
ALL YOU DO IS PUT A SIXPENCE IN HIS EAR AND ROUND AWAY! TE! HE! HE!
TOM PUNCH BAG SIXPENCE A GO
BOK!
BOK!
BOK!

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Based on the Thames Television Production

The Journey of No Return

THE door to Steed's apartment opened automatically after Tara King had announced her presence over the voice identification system As she entered the lounge, Tara heard an unfamiliar whirring sound and the occasional interjection of Steed's voice as he cried, "Puff . . . Chuff . . . puff!"

At first, Tara could not see Steed. Then she fell headlong across the floor, tripping over John Steed's body and a meandering thread of steel and plastic.

"Careful, Tara," called Steed, rubbing his shin. "You nearly caused a crash at John's junction."

Tara steadied herself and glanced at the floor. She could hardly believe her eyes. Foot upon foot of toy train set railway track weaved its way beneath the furniture, out of the lounge door and into the kitchen. Long lines of goods trucks chugged slowly towards the refrigerator whilst a faster group of passenger coaches sped towards the television set

"What are you playing at?" Tara asked in amazement. "I always knew you were a little boy at heart, but this is ridiculous."

"Quickly, Tara, operate that other power controller. With two of us working the trains we can run twice as many."

"Is that what you've called me round here for . . . to play trains?"

Steed sat back on his haunches and glanced up at Tara.

"Ah, yes," he began, rubbing his hands together in excitement. "We have some work to do. It seems that three revered Members of Parliament have got themselves lost. They each disappeared on consecutive Sundays from different towns in Dorsetshire."

"That's a bit of a coincidence, isn't it?" said Tara, relaxing in a chair that Steed had moved to straddle the railway track. "Why us? Why not the police? They're supposed to be good at finding missing persons."

"I've heard that rumour, too," replied Steed, retrieving his jacket from the coffee table that formed part of the railway engine sheds. "But it seems the M.P.'s in question were each engaged on classified work for the Ministry of Defence. Their jobs were entirely separate and unconnected, but you can see the need for calling in specialist M.P. hunters such as King and Steed."

As he straightened the lapels of his elegant coat, he passed three buff-coloured folders to Tara. She opened each one and quickly read through the typewritten notes and studied the photographs accompanying the dossiers.

"There's something else that connects the three men," she announced when she had completed her reading. "They were all members of a government select committee to consider whether certain railway routes were paying their way . . ."

Her voice dropped in tone as she suddenly glanced down at the railway models. Then she smiled. "Now I see what your toys are for . . . you're trying to get a 'train of thought'."

"I couldn't have put it better myself, my dear," Steed laughed. "I've checked on the nature of that select committee's findings and, on the say-so of our three friends, several branch lines, amongst other railway property, were closed."

"What were the distinguished gentlemen doing in Dorset?"

"That, Miss King, is what I want you to find out," replied Steed. "One of the members is married. Go and talk to his wife."

Tara nodded and moved towards the apartment entrance. Then she paused to glance back at Steed who was once more on his hands and knees, about to

operate the electric controllers.

"And what are you going to do while I'm working?" she asked in a stern voice.

"Oh, I've got to make sure the 10.20 parcels train goes out on time. It would never do for it to be late at Plughole Halt!"

The sun was beginning to set when Tara King returned to Steed's apartment after a day spent tracing the M.P's wife.

"I eventually found her opening a Whist Drive in a church hall," Tara explained to Steed as he spooned the thick gravy over the grouse he had prepared for them.

"It appears that Mr Stennings went to Dorset after receiving an invitation to open the couple of miles of track run by the Mulching Branch Line Preservation Society."

"Aha!" exclaimed Steed in triumph. "I imagined we would get on the right lines eventually."

Suddenly Steed leapt from his seat and rummaged amongst a pile of books and manuals. Sifting through them, he selected a small railway map and a green-covered directory.

"That's the answer," he chuckled as he spread the map on the table. "May Hill, Lydstock and Mulching Halt were once connected by a single line branch from the main Dorset coast line. The line was built mainly to service the Kerne Quarry in the Beddau Hills."

"Very interesting," said Tara in a voice heavy with boredom. "Would you explain what you're talking about?"

"May Hill, Lydstock and Mulching... the three towns where the M.P's were last seen." Steed let the map fall to the floor and while he picked at his meal he turned the pages of the green directory. "Here it is," he said at last. "The Mulching Society started soon after the branch line was closed in 1955. And you'll never guess why the line was closed."

"Following the recommendation of the select committee on which our three missing friends served. Is that right?"

"You guessed, Tara!" Steed laughed "And there's more. The last scheduled train ran between the three stations on July 20, 1955."

"It's July 20 tomorrow."

"Clever girl. Would you like a small wager that the Mulching Preservation Society is going to run a special anniversary train tomorrow?"

"Save your money, Steed," Tara replied finishing her meal. "What time do we leave?"

John Steed's Bentley sped through the night towards Dorset. He had just left himself enough time to arrive at Mulching Halt around eight o'clock that morning. He did not imagine the presumed celebrations would start any earlier

"You don't really believe the honourable members have been kidnapped by the preservationists, do you, Steed?" asked Tara, the wind blowing through her hair. "That would be taking revenge too far."

"Ordinarily you would be right, Tara," replied her companion. "But you didn't see what the owners of the railway call themselves. They're registered as Mr. Driver, Mr. Guard and Mr. Fireman. After fanatical names like those, anything is possible in the crazy mind of a dedicated enthusiast."

"I see . . . and you assume the emphasis is on the 'dead-icated' part of the phrase. But what can they do? Tie them to the railway lines like Pearl White in the old silent films?"

"That, my dear Miss King, is what we are going to find out."

A little before eight o'clock, they crossed the hump-backed old bridge which took them over the railway line beside the tiny, weed-ridden station of Mulching Halt.

From the bridge, Steed saw the old, but spotlessly maintained pannier tank locomotive puffing whisps of steam into the cloudless sky. The engine was

sandwiched between two coaches. The one at the front near the boiler was a gleaming brake compartment corridor coach. At the other end was a similar coach which appeared to be falling to pieces with rust and dirt.

The clean carriage was full of waving, shouting society members and, as he parked the Bentley in the station yard, Steed made up his mind that he would travel in the empty, dilapidated coach behind the bunker. However, a stern-faced man holding red and green flags had other ideas

"If you want to travel on this train," he snapped, "you'll go along with the others."

"But why isn't that coach being used" Tara asked, trying to glance around the broad-shouldered man with the flags.

"What's the trouble, Mr. Guard?" asked another voice behind them. Steed turned to see an equally large character sporting a well-washed blue railwayman's jacket and a soft shiny cap. "Now come along there. If you're joining us you'll have to obey the society rules."

"That's what I've been trying to tell them, Mr. Driver," assured Mr Guard "This is our railway and we say where the passengers will go."

A third man, larger than the other two, swaggered his way towards them and Steed did not need to be told that this was Mr. Fireman, for he carried a huge coal shovel that at the moment was poised as if ready to connect with Steed's head.

The argument was over for the present, and Steed and Tara obediently boarded the crowded clean coach, followed by Mr. Guard.

The green flag waved and with a loud hiss and a panting, the engine began to roll, bunker first, pushing the dilapidated coach before it.

As they gained speed, Tara and Steed made their way through the coach searching each compartment. There was no sign of the three missing Members of Parliament and the fact came as no surprise to Steed

"I'll eat my Derby hat if they're not in that old coach on the other side of the loco," he said, trying to decide what his next move should be. "Why else would those ridiculous characters stop us?"

John Steed produced his map of the branch line and his face was grim as he looked back at Tara.

"We're heading for the quarry spur," he announced. "If someone has removed the buffers at the quarry edge, and if that coach is not coupled to the loco, I would say it's certain they're going to push it over the edge."

"In broad daylight?" Tara asked incredulously. "How do they dare? This coach is packed. There must be a hundred people to witness it."

"Yes, but who is going to worry? What if Mr. Guard and Mr. Driver have told the society members that they are getting rid of the old coach, scrapping it over the side of the quarry? It's a good way of getting a load of old junk out of the way. And the quarry hasn't been used in years."

"I see. Put that way, their scheme is fool-proof."

"Not quite," corrected Steed. "They haven't bargained for Miss Tara King and Mr. John Steed"

"Oh, yes we have!" The words were said with great humour and Steed whirled to see Mr. Guard standing behind them in the corridor, holding a large-bore shot-gun. "Two more passengers for the journey of no return. I think we can accommodate you."

Tara saw the quick flash of a wink from Steed's left eye. Before Mr. Guard could wipe the smile from his lips, she had hauled the gun from his grasp with one hand and spun him round with the other

John Steed finished off the action with a short, sharp chop and the man dropped in a heap on the coach floor.

"Right, get him into the brake compartment," Steed said "Quickly, we don't want to upset the society members."

"We've got to stop this train," Tara decided and moved towards the large brake handle that was mounted on the column in the centre of the floor.

"Not that way," Steed shouted as he ran along the corridor towards the engine. "The loco has too much steam up. The brake will never hold against the driving power."

Before she could stop him, Steed had opened the end door and was swinging himself out of the coach, his fingers clenched around the handrail.

The wind whipped at his hanging body as he leapt the short distance across the gap between the carriage and the engine's running plate. The water-filled pannier protected him from the scalding hot boiler as he edged his way towards the loco's cab. Mr. Driver and Mr. Fireman were too busy watching the way ahead, staring out of the rear to notice his approach

"Good morning again," smiled Steed as he swung into the cab. "Today I've realised a childhood ambition. I'm travelling on the footplate of a real steam engine."

"You're not allowed up here," stammered Mr. Driver making a hurried movement towards Steed. "The regulations say . . ."

"Forget the rules for one day, Mr. Driver," chuckled Steed. "Let me help you with the stoking. I'm a great hand with a shovel."

Peeling off his coat, Steed took up one of the two coal shovels and climbed up onto the coal bunker before the two men could stop him. A quickly taken glance over the rear of the engine confirmed his fears. The old coach ahead was being pushed without the couplings attaching it to the engine. If the loco stopped, the coach would roll on unhindered.

John Steed should have realised that he was in a position in which he could not protect himself, but he never suspected the two men would be quite so violent so quickly after his arrival. He expected an argument, perhaps a man to man fight, but instead he received the flat of the second coal shovel resoundingly against the back of his head.

The air smelt musty, with a delicate hint of axle grease as Steed opened his eyes. The pain in his head was throbbing in steady rhythm

with the strange clacking sound and it was several seconds before he realised that the noise was caused by steel wheels crossing the joints in railway tracks.

He tried to get to his feet, but found his hands and feet securely bound. It was all he could do to scramble and crawl his way along the corridor of the filthy coach, but his efforts were soon rewarded.

In the third compartment he found three men in the same position as himself, except that they were sound asleep and gagged. He had found the missing Members of Parliament and he saw quickly that they had been drugged.

Using the torn and stained seat for support, he managed to reach his knees to push his head out of a broken window. Behind the coach, the loco had stopped, some two hundred yards away. Ahead, the tracks came to an abrupt end at the edge of the quarry.

The coach was travelling down a sharp slope towards that yawning chasm, forced on by its own weight and momentum. For three long seconds Steed felt panic grip him and he froze, staring ahead, mesmerised by the rapidly approaching skyline. Then he shook himself and with frenzied desperation slithered and crawled back towards the brake compartment.

Steed heard the wheels screaming against the rusty rails as the coach sped relentlessly on, and with his face wet with perspiration from his efforts, he kicked out at the brake handle high above the floor.

Time and time again he made the acrobatic lunge with his legs, the dirt and oil of the compartment floor staining the back of his immaculately tailored shirt and trousers.

Another sound came to him. A dull, scraping noise that told him the brake pads were engaging against the wheel rims. He kicked again until he felt the resisting pressure of the brake handle as it tightened to the full.

Slowly, surely, the carriage was stopping. Steed could do no more. The brake was fully engaged. If it was not sufficient, then he would die at the foot of the quarry.

His eyes were shut tight, his heart pounding in his chest as he waited for the whistle of air rushing past the hurtling coach. But the sound did not come. Instead there was a final squeal of protest from the coach wheels, and then a deathly hush.

Tara opened the brake compartment door and smiled with relief as she saw Steed's limp body. He had passed out from his exertion and had not heard her shunt the locomotive up to the stationary coach.

Back at Mulching Halt, the police quickly took charge of the would-be assassins, and as Tara drove the Bentley back towards London, Steed at her side and the three recovered M.P.s in the back seat, she told him of how she had managed to reach the cab and overpower Mr. Driver and Mr. Fireman after they had stopped to let the old coach run on to its destruction

"But why should they go to all that trouble to put us out of the way?" asked Mr. Stennings.

"Surely it wasn't just revenge for closing the branch line?" queried another of the politicians.

"No," replied Tara. "Before I put them to sleep, Mr. Guard and the other two explained that the three towns of the branch line had relied heavily on the railway to keep their trade alive. Mr. Guard, Mr. Driver and Mr. Fireman owned substantial interests in the three towns, and the closure of the line virtually put them out of business."

"There's no telling what the minds of cranks will conjure up," added Steed grimly. Then he glanced at his watch. "Put your foot down Tara."

"Why, what's the rush?" she asked in surprise. "I would have thought you'd had enough speeding today."

"You don't seem to realise," he protested. "The milk train is due out at 8.50. If I don't get back to run it, they'll close *my* line!"

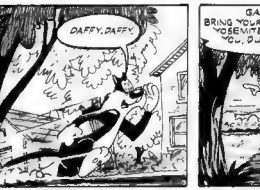
ANIMAL MAGIC

by Johnny Morris

One of the nicest things to do on holiday is to go for a trip in a boat. And if you are lucky you may be able to see some of the rare animals that live around our shores.

SEE IF YOU CAN CATCH IT BEFORE IT HITS THE WATER.
PIECE OF CAKE, I HOPE. BREADAS USUAL.
LOOK DADDY, ARE THOSE PORPOISES OR DOLPHINS?
DOLPHINS.
WELL, ACTUALLY I'M CALLED ERNEST.
AND I'M TREVOR, BUT YOU'VE GOT A JOB TO TELL US APART.
YOU SEE THOSE LITTLE BIRDS? THEY'RE PUFFINS.
WE'RE BLOWING A BIT TOO.
GET YOURSELVES NICELY POSED, HERE COME THE TRIPPERS.
WISH WE COULD GO ON HOL DAY.
EXCUSE ME, I'VE JUST SEEN A FISH.
HOW CAN THEY EAT THEM WITHOUT CHIPS?

The Bugs Bunny show



GASP! I WOULD LIKE TO BRING YOUR ATTENTION TO THE FACT THAT YOSEMITE SAM IS OUT GUNNING FOR YOU, DUCK. I WOULD ALSO SUGGEST THAT YOU—

GRR! WHERE IS HE? WHERE IS THAT PESKY NO-GOOD CRITTUR?!
G-GULP! I AIN'T LOOKING BUT I KNOW THAT VOICE!
PHEW. THAT WAS CLOSE! THIS BIRD WASN'T HERE, I GUESS!

HERE THEY COME AGAIN!
GRR! PUT ME OUT FOR A DUCK, WOULD YUH? STOP AN BE BLASTED!
BAM BLAM BAM
GREAT SCOTT! SYLVESTER'S IT WASN'T ME SAM WAS AFTER AT ALL- IT WAS BUGSY!

G-GULP! I RECKON IT'S THIS CAT'S TURN TO LEAVE TOWN! SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT A CERTAIN DUCK'S GONNA TO BE GUNNING FOR ME. SOME FOLKS AIN'T ALLOWED TO MAKE MISTAKES!
TOWN 3 MILES

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TV TERRORS AUTOGRAPH HUNT

THE TV Terrors go hurtling for the autographs of TV Comic's stars. You can join in their hunt by playing this game. All you need is a dice for scoring and small coloured counters or buttons. The first player to throw six can start. You must throw the exact number before you can finish.

Start

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

MIGHTY MOTH HITS AUTOGRAPH BOOK START AGAIN

21 22 23

BASIL BRUSH SHOWS YOU ROUND BACK TO 18

KEYSTONE KOPS DIRECT YOU ON TO 28

27 28 29

26

25

31 32 33

WRESTLE BAILEY TAKES YOU ON TO 37

35

36

37

41 40 39

TOP FOR A WHOPS! TWO DOSE AND YOU GO BACK TO 23

TOM BUSY CHASING JERRY MISS A TURN

9

10

11

19

18

17

POPEYE TAKES YOU SAILING ON TO 15

14 15 16

42

YOSEMITE SAM CHASES BUGS BUNNY ON TO 43

44

45

46

TICH BOWS YOU BACK TO 41

48 49 50

Home

TV TERRORS

HOW COULD YOU GET ON TELEVISION, MONICA, YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING?
YOU'RE RIGHT- I'VE NO TALENT, CUTHBERT!

IF ONLY I COULD PLAY THE PIANO...

...OR DANCE...

...OR DO A JUGGLING ACT.

BUT I CAN'T DO ANYTHING!

WHAT ABOUT SPOT? HE CAN DO THE LOT!

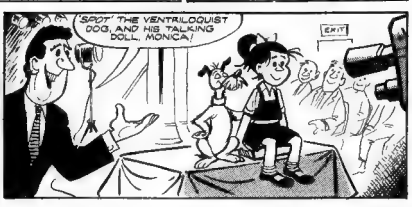
I KNOW. BUT THAT DOESN'T GET ME ON THE SCREEN!

WHY NOT? HE CAN EVEN... (WHISPER-WHISPER)
HE CAN?

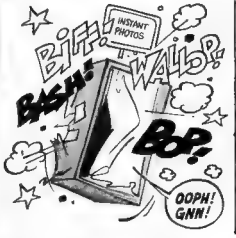
I'LL PHONE THE STUDIO- MAYBE THEY'LL GIVE US A TEST!

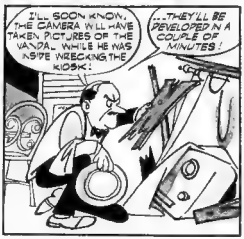
A WEEK LATER.
HOORAY! GOOD OLD SPOT! WE'VE PASSED THE TEST AND WERE ON TV TOMORROW!

NEXT DAY...
AND NOW, FOLKS, WE HAVE AN AMAZING ACT...


'SPOT' THE VENTRILOQUIST DOG, AND HIS TALKING DOLL, MONICA!
EXIT

TOM and JERRY




I'LL SOON KNOW. THE CAMERA WILL HAVE TAKEN PICTURES OF THE VANDA.. WHILE HE WAS ASIDE WRECKING THE KIOSK!
..THEY'LL BE DEVELOPED IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES!

A LITTLE LATER...
HERE GOES FOR THAT HOLIDAY SNAPSHOT, TOM... BUT IT ISN'T GOING MAKE A PRETTY PICTURE TE' HE!
WHERE AM I? WHO AM I? WHAT AM I?

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CATWEAZLE Across Country

EARLY ONE SUMMER MORN, CATWEAZLE, THE WIZARD FROM 1087 WHO HAS TRAVELLED IN TIME TO 1970, IS OUT PICKING HERBS FOR SOME OF HIS SPELLS. BUT THE DAY IS SO HOT AND STILL THAT EVEN THE FLOWERS ARE DROOPING...

SUDDENLY, A GROUP OF RUNNERS RUSH BY..
OUTTA THE WAY, DADDY-OH WE'RE IN A HURRY.
WORMWOOD AND HOGSNORTS, THOU ADDLEPATED SPIRT. DIDST THINK I ASKED FOR A WHOLE GALE?

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UP YOU GET! THAT WAS BEEFY MILLER AND HIS GANG. THEY'RE PRACTISING FOR THE CROSS-COUNTRY RACE TOMORROW AFTERNOON!
A PLAGUE ON THEIR CROSS-COUNTRY! WHAT MEANS SUCH NONSENSE?
I WANT TO ENTER FOR IT MYSELF, BUT DAD SAYS I'M TOO SLOW.
AH! THEN I SHALL CONJURE ME ANOTHER SPELL... FLEET OF FOOT SHALT THOU BE SAID AS AN ARROW SHALT THOU FLY!
CAREFUL, CATWEAZLE, YOU KNOW YOUR SPELLS ALWAYS GO WRONG... ANYWAY I'M GOING HOME TO BREAKFAST.
A TOUCH OF CROWSFOOT... YES.. BUT ...EG OF GRASSHOPPER ALSO, METHINKS...
NEXT MORNING CATWEAZLE IS UP EARLY AGAIN...
BY THE TWIDDLE OF MY THUMBS, KIND YOUNG MASTER THIS WAY COMES!
OUCH! WHAT TH...?
OH, MASTER, FLEET OF FOOT BE THOU, THIS SPELL WILL MAKE THEE WIN I THROW!
YOU AGAIN, YOU OLD NOOSANCE. NOTCHER MEAN BY CHUCKIN' DUST ALL OVER ME...?
OH, HECATE! 'TIS THE WRONG ONE! AND I HAVE MADE HIM A FLEETFOOT!
A FLATFOOT, AM I? YOU BETTER 'AVE ONE YERSELF!

HOW'S THAT?
AAAARGH!
OH, FATAL FOLLY! OH WITCHES' SPAWN!
CARROT IS ALSO WORKING THIS MORNING...
CRUMBS, CATWEAZLE! WHAT YOU BIN DOING NOW?
ALAS, YOUNG MASTER. I HAVE MADE TH'NE ENEMY A F..EETFOOT!
YOU SEEM TO HAVE DONE SOMETHING TO YOUR OWN FOOT... LET ME HELP YOU!
NAY YOUNG MASTER. 'TWAS MY OWN FAULT...BUT THINE ENEMY SHALL BE EATEN BY BEARS...HE SHALL BE NOBB..ED BY GOBB..EDEGOOKS...
SO CATWEAZLE HOBBLES AWAY TO PREPARE YET ANOTHER SPELL....
BEATS ME HOW HE THINKS OF THESE THINGS...OH, WELL I'LL HAVE TO GET ON WITH FEEDING THE PIGS!
THAT AFTERNOON AS THE RACE STARTS...
THEY COME! THEY COME! SOME POWDER ON MY FIRE AND BEARS AND WITCHES SHALL ARISE IN SMOKE!

BUT THE SMOKE DISTURBS A HIVE OF BEES...
ZZZZZZZ
OUCH!
HELP!
KEEP OFF.
GABAGABAGABA!
INTO THE RIVER CHAPS... IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET RID OF THEM!
CARROT HAPPENS TO BE A GOOD SWIMMER...
GOSH, I'M GOING TO WIN... FOOR OLD CAT'S DONE ME A GOOD TURN AFTER ALL...
BUT CATWEAZLE DOES NOT LIKE WATER... HE RUNS ALL THE WAY HOME...
OH, ME! OH, MY! I DIE... I DIE...
BILL LACEY
LATER, IN CASTLE SABURAC...
THOU GUMBOIL! I AM ONE MASS OF STINGS.. DIDST THINK IT KIND TO TURN MY BEARS TO BEES...?
IT'S NO GOOD TRYING TO TELL HIM, HE DID IT HIMSELF!
THE END

POPEYE
HERE'S YOUR HAMBURGER W VIPY!
GROAN!
TAKE IT AWAY! I NEVER WANT TO SEE A HAMBURGER AGAIN!
GORSH! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY!
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DO IT POPEYE! ALL THIS ROUGH SEA AND YOU'RE NEVER ILL!
NEVER BIN SEA-SICK IN MY LIFE!
LATER.....
ALL ASHORE.... WHOS GOIN' ASHORE!
MOAN!
ARF! ARF!
GOOD, SOLID, HARD GROUND, HOW GLAD I AM TO SEE YOU AGAIN!
SMACK
WILL YA COME WITH ME WHILE I HAVE A RIDE ON THE ROUND-ABOUT, UNCA POPEYE?
SURE THING, KIDDLING!
THREE MINUTES LATER....
SAY! WHEN ARE THEY GONNA STOP THIS THING? I'M FEELIN' KINDA..!
LET ME GIT ORF!
POOR UNCA POPEYE... HE'S FEELIN' KINDA LAND SICK!
GROAN!

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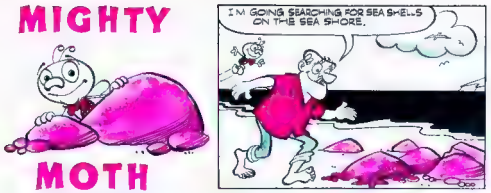
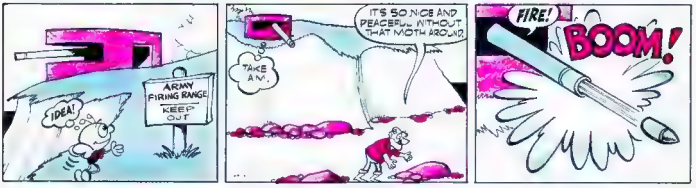
PICK of the JOKES

MIGHTY MOTH


I'M GOING SEARCHING FOR SEA SHELLS ON THE SEA SHORE.
GRR! THAT MOTH'S FOLLOWING ME. I... FIX HIM!.

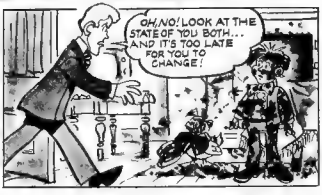
PUT YOUR EAR TO THIS SHELL, MIGHTY. YOU CAN HEAR THE SEA!
HAR! HAR! HAR!
WHERE AM I?

THIS LOOKS INTERESTING!
THWOCK!
?
THANKS MISTER CRAB! YOU'VE DONE ME A GOOD TURN!


IDEA!
ARMY FIRING RANGE KEEP OUT
TAKE AIM.
IT'S SO NICE AND PEACEFUL WITHOUT THAT MOTH AROUND.
FIRE!
BOOM!

BANG!
YOU WERE LOOKING FOR A SHELL, DAD - BUT A SHELL FOUND YOU INSTEAD! HO! HO! HO!

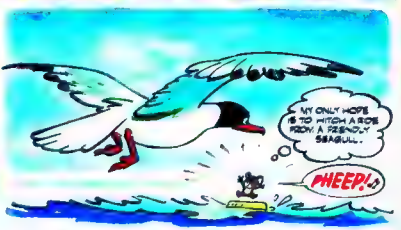
TICH and QUACKERS



SO, AT THE WEDDING...
I REALLY MUST APOLOGISE FOR THE STATE OF TICH AND QUACKERS, DORA! THEY MET WITH AN ACC DENT!
DON'T APOLOGISE RAY...

© Ray Alan Enterprises 1970 based on the BBC TV series Tich and Quackers

TOM and JERRY



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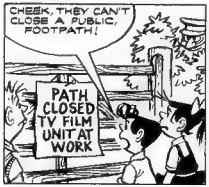
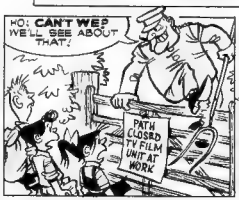
HAPPY LANDINGS.
WHAT TH...?
SLURP! OH BOY! MOUSE FLAVOURED CREAM!
YIKE!
C'MERE!
NOT LIKELY!
I... HIDE AMONGST THESE HOLIDAY MAKERS!
WHERE'S THAT MOUSE GOT TO? HE MUST BE HIDING IN A CORNET SOMEWHERE!
LEMME TAKE A LOOK AT THAT!
THAT'S MY CORNET, CAT AND YOU'RE NOT IT!
SLURP... RANCH STYLE MOUSE ICE CREAM. MM... YUM.
KERBAM!
IF I WERE YOU I'D STAY AWAY FROM THOSE NASTY PEOPLE. IT'S A LONG TREK TO THE BEACH!

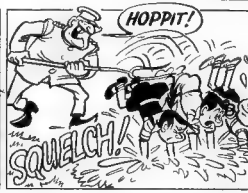
TV TERRORS

THAT'S IT! WE'LL GIVE THE TV A REST TODAY AND GO HIKING!
CLOSED

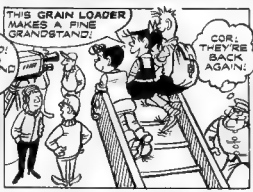
THAT'S OUR PATH — THROUGH THAT LOVELY OLD FARM!
MAP


CHEEK, THEY CAN'T CLOSE A PUBLIC FOOTPATH!
PATH CLOSED TV FILM UNIT AT WORK


HO! CAN'T WE? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
PATH CLOSED TV FILM UNIT AT WORK

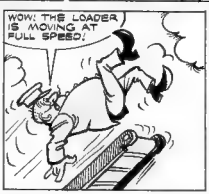

HOPPIT!
SQUELCH!

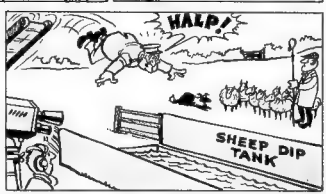
COO! WHY DOES IT ALWAYS HAVE TO BE HOPPIT ON DUTY WITH THE OUTSIDE BROADCASTING UNIT?
NEVER MIND! WE MIGHT AS WELL STOP AND WATCH IT NOW!


THIS GRAIN LOADER MAKES A FINE GRANDSTAND!
COR! THEY'RE BACK AGAIN!

IT'S HOPPIT! JUMP FOR IT LADS!

BUT...
CLICK!
?


WOW! THE LOADER IS MOVING AT FULL SPEED!


HALP!
SHEEP DIP TANK

SNIFF! HE'S A FUNNY SHAPE, ROVER, BUT HE SMELLS JUST LIKE THE OTHER SHEEP...
!

WE'D BETTER GET HIM BACK WITH THE OTHERS!
GRR! SNAP!

HA! HA, OLD HOPPIT LOOKS PROPER 'SHEEPISH' STANDING THERE!
HO, HO PUT A WOOLLY ON BEFORE YOU GET COLD!

beetle bailey®

HEY, BEETLE! HOW COME YOU'RE WORKING SO EAGERLY?
BECAUSE I LIKE TO WORK!
BEETLE SAID HE LIKES TO WORK?!
RACE YOU TO THE PSYCHIATRIST
SARGE SAID HE'D TEAR UP MY PASS IF HE HEARD ONE MORE GROAN FROM ME
I'LL SHOW HIM!
I'LL WORK LIKE A TIGER
AND SMILE SMILE SMILE
HE'S JUST LOOKING FOR AN EXCUSE TO TEAR UP MY PASS
WELL, I'M GOING TO DO AN EXTRA SPECIAL JOB TODAY
AND HE WON'T HEAR ONE LITTLE GROAN FROM ME
HUH
I HEARD THAT DEEP SIGH, BEETLE!

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FOLLOWING A SERIOUS THEFT FROM THE U.N.I.T. BUILDING, BRIGADIER LETHBRIDGE-STEWART SUMMONS DOCTOR WHO...

A SMALL DEVICE OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE HAS BEEN STOLEN DOCTOR... WE KNOW BY WHOM BUT WE ARE HELPLESS TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.
I FAIL TO UNDERSTAND!

I BEGIN TO SEE! I SUPPOSE YOU'D LIKE ME TO FIND MY WAY INSIDE AND DO WHAT I CAN?
EXACTLY! BUT U.N.I.T. MUSTN'T BE INVOLVED, YOU UNDERSTAND!

SWIFT PROGRESS IS MADE TO THE EMBASSY'S VAULT...
YOU CAN GO NO FURTHER!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT...I THINK IT'S TIME FOR A LITTLE MORE PERFUME!
Williams

© BBC tv 1970

...HOPE ONE OF THEM KNOWS THE VAULT'S COMBINATION!
PSSSSST

OPEN THE CAGE AND THEN THE VAULT.. QUICKLY NOW!

THE GUARDS OBEY....
THE DEVICE AT LAST....WONDER HOW LONG MY LUCK WILL LAST?

THE DOCTOR RECEIVES HIS ANSWER TWO MINUTES LATER.....
HALT! THERE IS AN ALERT... NOBODY MUST LEAVE THE BUILDING!
BLARE! BLARE!
TIME TO MAKE A BREAK...I'M ONLY TWENTY YARDS FROM THE STREET!

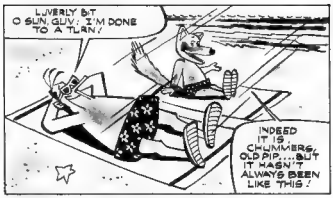
THE DOCTOR MAKES A DESPERATE BID..
STOP HER!

WOA!

YOU ALL RIGHT MADAM?
BUT FOR THAT STUPID POLICEMAN WE WOULD'VE CAUGHT HER!

GOOD JOB YOU WERE ON THE SPOT, BRIGADIER ...YOU LOOK VERY SMART IN THAT UNIFORM!
ANYMORE OF YOUR CHEEK AND I'LL RUN YOU IN!

Basil Brush


LUVERLY BIT O SUN, GUV, I'M DONE TO A TI'AN'!
INDEED IT IS CHUMMERS, OLD PIP...BUT IT WASN'T ALWAYS BEEN LIKE THIS!

LAST WINTER FOR INSTANCE.
SORRY ABOUT THE COLD, GUV.. BUT THE COALMAN HASN'T TURNED UP YET.
BUT CHUMMERS, OLD SPUD YOU KNOW, I C-CAN'T EAT WHILE I'M COLD!

PICK UP THAT TABLE AND FOLLOW ME, MY GOOD MAN...AT THE DOUBLE!

COME, COME, CHUMMERS! NO DILLY-DALLYING NOW!
N'IT MIGHT 'ELP IF YER WAS T'TELL ME WHERE WE WAS GOING!

GOOD DAY, GENTLEMAN. MAY I JOIN YOU AT YOUR EXCELLENT FIRE?
COR LUVADUCK! ROAST'LY FOR DINNER!

PASS THE SALT YOUR LORDSHIP ... THE MISSUS NEVER PUTS ENOUGH ON ME MINCE BUTTIES!
SEE TO THE GENTLEMAN, CHUMMERS, AND GIVE THEM ALL A GLASS OF POP!

A MOST EXCELLENT REPAST, OLD BEAN! WHAT SHALL WE DO NOW TO AMUSE OURSELVES?

BY JINGO! A BULLDOZER! I HAVE ALWAS HAD A DESIRE TO DRIVE ONE. I WONDER IF I MIGHT?
HELP YOURSELF SIR! WE BE DRUNKING YOUR POP, SO YOU CAN PLAY WITH OUR BULLDOZER!

I SAY... THIS IS THE JOLLIEST OF FUN! I'M SO GLAD WE CAME OUT TO LUNCH!
YOU MUST BE MAD! I WOULDN'T TRUST THE GUV'NER WITH ME TRAIN SET!

HAVEN'T HAD SO MUCH FUN SINCE COUSIN CLARENCE CAUGHT HIS CONK IN THE MOUSETRAP!
IF THE GUV DOESN'T STOP 'E'LL BE MEETING UP WIV 'IS COUSIN IN AUSTRALIA!

GREAT BATTY BASIL'S, THAT AIN'T EARTH! WHAT'S THE GUV UP TO NOW?

IT'S COAL, MATEY! YOUR GUV'NER MUST'VE STRUCK A SHALLOW SEAM. THERE'S LOTS OF 'EM ROUND THESE PARTS!
COAL!

A JOLLY OLD SPOT OF LUCK, EH, WHAT? A MOST BENEFICIAL LITTLE OUTING.
MOST BENEFICIAL...TO THEM WOT DOESN'T 'AVE T'PUSH THE STUFF!

BACK HOME...
COSY! MUST REMEMBER TO INVITE THOSE NAVVY CHAPS UP FOR TEA AND CRUMPETS ONE DAY!
YES, GUV. SIGH!

Bob Monkhouse's MAD MOVIES

featuring the KEYSTONE KOPS

THE MOBS AND KROOKS ARE ON HOLIDAY TOGETHER...
OH BOY! A FEW DAYS AT THE SEASIDE! HOW SUPER!
POLICE
WE'LL TRY AND FIX UP AKKOMMODATION HERE!
SEAVIEW
SKREEETCH

AND SO...
THERE, I FINALLY FOUND US NICE AKKOMMODATION IN THE SEAS PE KUNK!
THIS IS JUST LIKE HOME FROM HOME TO US! HAW! HAW! HAW!
GIGGLE
GIGGLE
GIGGLE

Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

POPEYE
YOU'RE TOO FAT WIMPY. YOU MUST GIVE UP HAMBURGERS!
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE ASKING DOCTOR!
POPEYE DEAR FRIEND, I NEED YOUR STRENGTH OF CHARACTER TO HELP KEEP ME OFF HAMBURGERS!
SURE. ANYTHIN' T' HELP A PAL!
LATER...
HOW YA FEELIN', WIMPY?
WELL, I...ER....
?
SNIFF! THE DELICIOUS AROMA OF HAMBURGERS! I MUST HAVE ONE! I MUST!
WIMPY! COME BACK DON'T WEAKEN YOU'LL REGRET IT FER THE REST OF YER DAYS
WHO WANTS DAYS- OR EVEN MINUTES- WITHOUT HAMBURGERS.
OOF!
WIMPY! IT'S ME SOLEMN DUTY TER STOP YER!
R-RIP!
RESTAURANT
AH! HERE'S THE RESTAURANT WHERE THE DELICIOUS HAMBURGER SMELL IS COMING FROM!
I'M SORRY, SIR. YOU CAN'T COME INTO A RITZY JOINT LIKE TH'S YOU'RE IMPROPERLY DRESSED!
PUFF!
PUFF!
I REGRET HAVING TO DO THIS, OLD FRIEND!
?
BIFF!
BASH!
BONK!
IT'S AMAZING WHAT DESPERASHUN KIN DO.
A DOZEN HAMBURGERS, AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!
YES SIR. THIS WAY, SIR...

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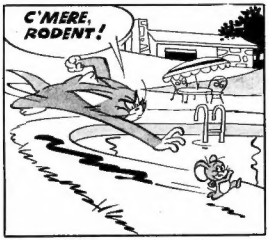
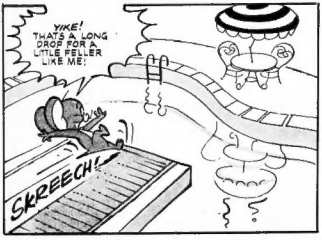
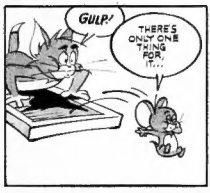
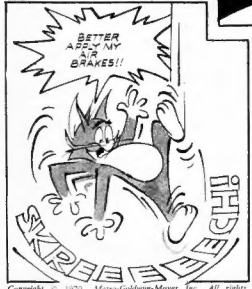
TOM and JERRY









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Larry Harmon's
LAUREL & HARDY
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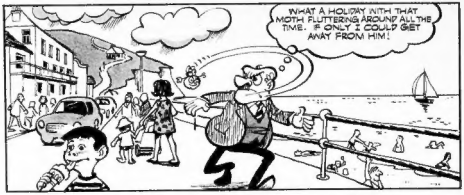
IT'S NICE TO GET AWAY FROM THE TOWN AND OUT TO A NICE COUNTRY GOLF CLUB!
YOU BET!
GRANDE GOLF CLUB
A LITTLE LATER...
JUST LOOK AT THAT MAGNIFICENT VIEW!
THIS PLACE IS A REAL BEAUTY SPOT! I'VE NEVER KNOWN ADULTS LIKE IT.
OLLIE TEES OFF...
THAT WAS A POWERFUL HIT, OLLIE... BUT I'M AFRAID YOU'RE GOING TO LAND IN THE ROUGH!
WACK!
STAN IS RIGHT...
THIS IS GOING TO BE A DIFFICULT ONE TO PLAY!
I'LL USE MY 'CHIPPER' AND TRY TO HACK IT OUT.
SO OLLIE HACKS...
SWIPE
...AND HACKS...
SWIPE!
UNTIL...
GURGLE!!
CRUMBS! I'VE STRUCK OIL!
AND HACKS AGAIN...
SWIPE!
THE NEWS SPREADS FAST...
AS OWNER OF THIS CLUB I MUST TELL YOU HOW DELIGHTED I AM WITH YOUR FIND!
YES! RATHER LUCKY, WASN'T IT?
A FEW DAYS LATER...
BAH! OUR LOVELY GOLF COURSE COVERED WITH OIL DRILLS!
...AND IT'S ALL THAT TUBBY CHAP'S FAULT!
HELP! LOOKS LIKE OIL. BE SORRY I STRUCK OIL, STAN!

MIGHTY MOTH


WHAT A HOLIDAY WITH THAT MOTH FLUTTERING AROUND ALL THE TIME. IF ONLY I COULD GET AWAY FROM HIM!

HEY! THAT'S A GOOD WAY TO ESCAPE FROM IT ALL!
TEMPORARY LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER WANTED. APPLY TO THE BOATMAN.

CAN I HAVE YOUR LARGEST STICK OF ROCK, PLEASE?

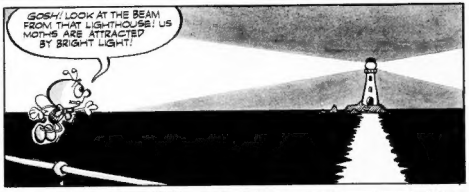
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT FLAVOUR, MOTH?
CLUNK!

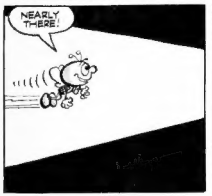
WHILE HE'S OUT FOR THE COUNT I'LL TAKE THAT LIGHTHOUSE JOB! HE'LL NEVER GUESS WHERE I'VE GONE!

SO... I'VE BE NEARLY THERE, SIR. JUST YOU KEEP THAT OLD LIGHT BURNIN' AT NIGHT!

I'LL BE BACK FOR 'E IN A WEEK'S TIME!
PEACE AT LAST!

THAT NIGHT...
A HOLIDAY JUST ISN'T THE SAME WITHOUT OLD DAD TO FLUTTER ROUND?!


GOSH! LOOK AT THE BEAM FROM THAT LIGHTHOUSE! US MOTHS ARE ATTRACTED BY BRIGHT LIGHT!


NEARLY THERE!

WELL I NEVER! IF IT ISN'T OLD DAD!
YOU!

THIS IS PERFECT! A BRIGHT LIGHT AND DAD TO FLUTTER AROUND!
A WEEK TRAPPED WITH THAT MOTH!

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